

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, July 11, 1889.

Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 51.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintock.
Deputy Sheriff, M. J. McNeil.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r. of Co. (C. E. Board, Pres't, S. P. Henshaw, U. P. Moore).
Co. Surveyors, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 2nd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is legal term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTOCK,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOVER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. A. RICKER,

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Charleston, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.

T. A. HICKS,

Attorney-at-Law,

Charleston, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

W. A. BRUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law,

AN INCIDENT.

As down the vale at Johnstown,
The raging waters sped,
Carrying wreck and ruin
Upon their bosom red,
A mother in an attic,
With seven children dear,
Looked out in vain for succor
From death which was so near.
None came and one sweet infant
She gave unto the flood,
The sea it shortly parched
From where she helpless stood,
Another and another
Went down that raging Rye,
Till of her darling seven
Death had devoured six.

In agony the last one
She lifted to put out;
The child with trembling accents,
Between his faith and doubt,
This question asked: "Dear mother,
You've always told me how
God cares for me at all times,
Will He care for me now?"

Unto the rushing torrent
Him, too, the mother gave,
This last dear one to save -
Around the throne in glory,
Are standing all the seven,
Upon the flood they floated
Strait through the Gates of Heaven.

The Story of a Picture.

BY H. E. CLAMP.

It is about 10 o'clock p. m., the hour when life in its lightest and most frivolous form is on parade in the upper part of the city's great artery of traffic—Broadway.

Madison square is brilliant with a thousand lights; the great hotels are thronged with the groups, while up and down the sidewalks continues the steady stream of foot passengers which will not diminish much before midnight. The crowd upon the pavements and in the hotels is frequently augmented for a few minutes by persons leaving the theatres in the vicinity during the entr'acte for an airing, refreshments or cigars.

The crowd on promenade is a motley one, composed for the most part of well-dressed men and women, and from the animated tones and gestures, the gay jests and light laughter, distinguishable above the steady tramp of feet, the rattling of cab wheels and the jangling of car bells, one might think that care rusted but lightly upon the shoulders of most who are here.

Among the crowd of busy talkers, thoughtless idlers and devotees of pleasure, walking at a leisurely pace and with a thoughtful air, comes a man whose genius has already made his name a household word in many lands. It is Geoffrey Vail, the artist. The handsome, scholarly face, with its delicate white complexion, its large, soft black eyes and sweeping black mustache which fringes his sensitive mouth, his graceful carriage and the plain but faultless style of his attire, stamps him easily as a man of superior type even to those who do not recognize in the lone individual the well-known figure of metropolitan life.

Above the jargon of sounds in the streets rise occasionally from a side street the tones of a piano organ, accompanied by the voice of a person singing some Italian songs. The artist pauses for a moment to listen to the unusually pathetic ring of this voice, and as he approaches it is struck by the appearance of the singer. It is a young girl, about sixteen years of age, with a Madonna-like face touched with a look of most exquisite sorrow. Is it possible that the once-looking Italian under one have "old" complexion with this lovely child? It is not of this girl, artist thinks, he is the girl, thinking of the old man's face. It is of this girl, artist thinks, he is the girl, thinking of the old man's face.

But the look of sorrow did not leave her face; it was the deeply tinged there. Geoffrey was soon busy with his pencil. An artist, his soul was in his art. To him the minute beauty of a sleeping child in the arms of a mother, even thing lovely, moved

blush of sunrise mantles her cheek. The artist is yet more charmed, although he diverts his gaze, still following the couple from street to street.

Finally the organ is closed up and the two performers prepare to go home. Geoffrey Vail approaches the Italian as he is about to go and touches him upon the shoulder.

"Is it your daughter?" he asks, pointing to the girl.

The man nods his head.

"I am an artist and would like to paint her picture," said Geoffrey.

The man shook his head in disapproval.

"If you will allow her to come to my studio every day for a month I will pay you liberally."

"How much?" asked the man, gruffly.

"One hundred dollars," answered the artist after a moment's reflection.

"She would earn me more than that with the organ."

"Then we will say two hundred."

The man's greed was satisfied, and he consented to the terms.

"When shall she commence?"

"To-morrow, if it suits you," said the artist.

"Very well," answered the man, and Geoffrey handed him his card.

Geoffrey turned homeward, pleased with his discovery. For a long time he had meditated painting a series of pictures representing the emotions.

"Hare is my 'Angel of Sorrow' idealized already," he said to himself as he pursued his way through the still crowded thoroughfare home.

The pretty Italian found Geoffrey Vail in his studio awaiting her visit on the following day.

The strong light in the studio, where the curtains were purposely drawn back, revealed to the artist that he had not been deceived with regard to her appearance. The face was delicate, refined and indubitably sad.

She had evidently put on her best clothes—a dress of some soft black stuff and a shawl of the same shade wrapped round her head and shoulders.

"You have posed as a model before?" asked Geoffrey, noting the artistic effort of this simple costume.

"What is your name?" asked the artist.

"Conselo,"

"Conselo," repeated the artist, "and you look inconsolable."

The girl did not understand his remark, but her large dark eyes were turned upon him wondering.

"Well, Conselo, we must make the best of our time," said the artist. "Come, I will arrange you as I wish you to sit," and he placed a chair for her, arranging with some care her attitude and drapery.

"You do not feel timid, do you?" asked Geoffrey, kindly.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, looking at him with wonder again. It was inconceivable to her that she should feel timid in his presence.

The grave, gentle face of the artist had won her confidence completely. Accustomed to rough looks and sometimes blows, the child seemed in the atmosphere of this elegant studio to breathe the air of paradise.

But the look of sorrow did not leave her face; it was the deeply tinged there. Geoffrey was soon busy with his pencil. An artist, his soul was in his art. To him the minute beauty of a sleeping child in the arms of a mother, even thing lovely, moved

ed that it might be copied on the canvas and immortalized.

Conselo's sitting was not a long one. He thought it best not to tire her too much the first day, and at the end of the third hour rose from his easel, and thanking her pleasantly for her till the morrow.

"You will come again, won't you?" said Geoffrey.

The girl's look answered him.

For the first time that she could remember Conselo went to her miserable home happy. A new vista had been opened to her. She had caught a glimpse of another world with which she seemed to feel some strange kinship.

How gladly those days glided by while the Angel of Sorrow, half real and half the creation of the artist's superb fancy, grew upon the canvas.

The last sitting came. Artist and model were to part.

Geoffrey, who had grown familiar with the child, took her hand in his own when he bade her adieu.

Suddenly Conselo burst into tears. The artist himself felt unexpected and strangely moved. Even to him the parting seemed painful.

Why? Blind egotist! unknown to himself he had learned to love. Only at this crisis did the truth dimly dawn upon him. But why these tears of hers? Strange infatuation! Then the child must love him also. She had turned away to weep.

"Conselo," he said gravely, "come here."

Conselo came at his bidding.

"Look at me straight in the face,"

"I cannot," she sobbed.

"Conselo, why do you weep?"

The face could be doubted no longer except by the blind.

Geoffrey folded her tenderly in his arms, unresisted. The lovely head rested upon his bosom. His lips were pressed to the blushing cheek.

"Conselo, would you like to stay here always—to be my wife?" he said rather nervously, half frightened himself.

The girl looked at him and seemed to make some sudden resolve.

Withdrawing herself from his embrace she wiped her eyes, and then without another word or look fled from the studio.

"She is frightened, but I must follow her," said the artist. How soon she had become infinitely precious to him! He hastened to the door, but no trace of Conselo could be seen. He paused to reflect. He did not know even her address. The Italian had already called for his money. How should he find her? What strange impulse had caused her to turn and fly so suddenly. It was inexplicable, but he must find a key to the mystery. How? Would she not return to her old avocation, accompanying the organ? If he searched the streets for a few days he would soon meet her again.

But days, weeks and months rolled by, and no trace of Conselo or the Italian rewarded his anxious search.

So his passion died away into a vague and hopeless regret. Nothing remained of Conselo but the blinding of her beauty with his own dreams in the pictures. So he devoted himself with renewed ardor to his favorite pursuit. The "Angel of Sorrow" was completed; extravagant efforts were made for it, but the picture was not for sale. Money could not buy it.

It was long in the artist's own studio; his greatest achievement—and more wonderful as they gazed upon the successful face whence came the inspiration for it.

Geoffrey Vail received many visitors at his studio. Wealthy patrons and personal friends brought others often to see the great artist's work, often sadly interrupting him when he wished to be alone, but always courteously received.

Five years had gone by since his brief love dream had had its sudden birth and tragic finale.

His gentle face had grown grayer, and perhaps a tinge of sadness had crept in between the handsome lines; but he had little to complain of so far as success was concerned.

He is busy in his studio when some callers are announced. They are foreigners, evidently from their names. Geoffrey glances carelessly at the card, and, not recognizing the names, is about to excuse himself, but suddenly changes his mind.

His visitors are shown into the studio.

A gentleman, refined and distinguished in appearance, and a lady some years his junior. A white veil partly hides the lady's face. Geoffrey bows politely, and advances to meet them as they are announced. The gentleman, speaking in French, apologized for their intrusion and asks permission to look at some of the artist's work, and the lady, who has observed the artist's favorite picture, leads her companion towards it. After viewing it for some minutes and exchanging remarks of admiration in their own tongue, the gentleman, turning to Geoffrey, asks him if the picture can be purchased.

"On no consideration," replied the artist. "It is reserved of a piece which even the most extravagant would never care to go to."

"Which means that you do not wish to sell it," replied his visitor. The artist bowed in acquiescence.

"And did you ever see a face which suggested such beauty?" asked his visitor, adding, "Pardon me, but I have a purpose in inquiring."

"I have seen one," replied the artist, "with which this creature of mine could but feebly compare."

As he said this his eye caught the face of the lady who had removed her veil.

"Conselo!" cried the artist, forgetting his visitors for a moment. "But they were calling at him pleasantly."

"Pardon me," he said. "Some fancied resemblance compelled me to utter that name."

The lady approached nearest to him. "Do you not remember me, then?" she said, softly.

The artist looked puzzled and perplexed.

"Surely it is Conselo; but, pardon me, you have changed your name. And he placed a significant look upon his face. "Add and you are no more the Angel of Sorrow, you might now pose for the Angel of Joy."

Conselo seemed to enjoy his perplexity. "And how, then, you found a true Conselo about?" she asked laughingly.

The artist shook his head sadly.

"Fate, this is Mr. Vail," said Conselo, turning to her companion, who offered his hand to the artist with a pleasant smile.

"You are wondering what it all means," said Conselo, smiling, "but it is a long story, please wait while I look at some pictures round the studio, and if you wish to repeat the question, you need not long ago repeat it to him."

The story was truly told.

Conselo had been kidnapped.

(Continued on page 11.)

What a Comfort!



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This is the only medicine that will cure all the ailments of the blood. It is the only medicine that will cure all the ailments of the blood. It is the only medicine that will cure all the ailments of the blood.

...and the ...
...and the ...
...and the ...

WARRING NOTICE
SUNTERVILLE LODGE
No. 13, A. F. & A. M.—The
of regular meeting of this
Lodge was the Friday evening pre-
ceding each Full Moon, unless the
Moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.
J. H. DOWLER, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

HOME NEWS

—Mrs. Whiting and Denning
were in town Tuesday.
—Our subscription list is increas-
ing.
—Jas. Driscoll, wife and child
were in the city Tuesday.
—Whiting & Denning were in
town Tuesday.

—R. B. Kerr, of Gillespie was
attending County Court Tuesday.
—J. W. Jordan of Academy called
to see us Tuesday.

—J. S. Hartzell, of Addison, Pa.,
was in town Sunday.
—S. L. Gibson, of Frost was in
our town Monday.

—Wm. Herold, of Frost was in
town last week.
Go to John Werts & Co., Frank-
ford, N. Va., for Deering Mowers and
Saw Blades. may 9-12.

—C. C. Cooper was in to see us
Tuesday. Read his New ad.
of Monuments.

—Jas. W. Peltzer, of Webster
Depot, Taylor Co., was in Hatters-
ville Monday.

—Wheat harvest is about over
and grass cutting will soon be com-
menced.

—Dan O'Connor, wife and lit-
tle son were in town the first of the
week.

—There were no many ladies in
to see us last week that, even our
circle don't get excited.

John Werts & Co., of Frankford,
N. Va., will be at our during June
and will sell a lot of Mowers. Don't
forget to call on them. may 9-12

—The newly married couple Mr.
Samuel J. Gay and his wife, Miss
Lillie Friel and Mr. William Gay
made us a pleasant call last week.

—Say the Deering Mowers and
Saw Blades, the best machines
that's made of John Werts & Co.
Frankford, N. Va. may 9-12

—Mr. Geo. Dunbar and wife,
Miss Klara Kellison and Mr. W.
Taylor, of Poplar Vale were in to
see the wonders of a print shop last
week.

—If you want a Lock Level say
and grain rake or any repairs
Call on
Y. H. P. McLaughlin agent
Hattersville W. Va.

PRELUDE.
—We return thanks to Mr. C. B.
McClure, of New Orleans, Neb., for
papers from that place, and also for
subscription to THE TIMES.

—Married at Hotel by Wagner,
on Thursday evening, July 4th by
Rev. M. M. Evers, Mr. Alex. W.
Butterbaugh and Miss Mary Alder-
son. THE TIMES wishes them a
long, happy and useful life.

—On Wednesday, July 12th, 1889,
in the church at Clover Lick, an
entertainment will be given to com-
mune and furnish the same, consist-
ing of addresses, vocal and instru-
mental music, dinner and other re-
freshments of the cream cake and
breads will be served. The public
are cordially invited to co-operate
and make it a success.

—Among the many persons at
tenting Comm. from Monro, W. B.
Couch, M. L. Holt and S. H.
Clark, of Academy; Dr. M. Wol-
len, C. E. Beard and Sheriff Mc-
Nair, of Hill County; Geo. F. Moore
and Geo. B. Baker, of Edgar; John
Brenner, Dr. Monahan, M. A. Ar-
agon and Jas. R. R. of Greenback,
W. A. Harrison, of Rockwell; L. W.
Schofield, of Frost; Andrew McLaughlin
and Lora Gay, of Hattersville.

—A very fine dinner was enjoyed
by at least one hundred persons
and this event will be long remem-
bered as one of the most enjoyable
social affairs occurring in that coun-
ty.

W. T. F.

—A young man a graduate of
Yale College, when asked by a far-
mer whose Prof. Taylor could be
found, replied: "exactly the quad-
rangle across the grades, make a
dextral vert and you will find him
perambulating his domicile or pros-
pecting his renestrum." The far-
mer stood dumfounded only re-
membering the last word, "fenes-
trum" asked, what does that mean?
"It is the aperture through which
the cone of the dome is illumi-
nated, if you can't comprehend that
I will sift you through immensity
where it will require omniscience to
find it and omnipotence to put
you together again." The farmer
walking off replied, "that man is
worn or has lately gone crazy."—
LX.

Dis.
It is sad for us to have to note
the death of one of our brothers of
the editorial staff, Mr. Jas.
Strangh of the Highland Recorder.
We haven't learned the exact date
of his death or the cause. Mr.
Strangh had just lately assumed
control of the Recorder, and was
giving Highland the best paper
they have ever had, so says many
of its readers. He was about 45
years of age a good writer and an
excellent printer, and will be sorely
missed by those of Highland who
appreciate a good paper.

Last.
The daughter of Mr. Amos Dil-
ley about 15 years of age living a
boat 7 miles from this place, started
to Sunday school a short distance
from her home, last Sunday morn-
ing; and though diligent search
has been made nothing has
been heard of her since. The par-
ents are almost distracted with
grief.

LATER: As we go to press we
learn she was found.

A Big Sale.
Mr. J. W. Hevener of Buckhannon,
sold for Uriah Hevener of
Green Bank 10,251 acres of land
on the waters of Greenbrier river to
Messrs. McCarty, Hunter and
others of Jefferson co., Pa., for the
sum of \$10,000.

A Note by the Way.
Eleven or twelve miles north-
west of Marlins Bottom, on Laurel
run lives Mr. A. N. Taylor, the
frontier resident of Pocahontas Co.
beyond him it is a day's journey to
the nearest neighbor, a Mr. Rich-
man, whose home is inaccessible to
all conveyances even hobbled ex-
cept in winter, when the stream
are freezing.

The writer on July 3rd, visited
this frontier home, where he found
Mr. Taylor and his good lady in the
best of spirits. He is a grandson
of the late Frederick Barr, near Har-
tersville, who was with Napoleon at
Waterloo.

On a cross beam hung the Win-
chester rifle, that had brought down
two hundred deer, and over the en-
trance was the fishing tackle that
has landed speckled beauties too
numerous to mention.

Though it rained in torrents, all
seemed to take it in good nature.

About two o'clock the marriage
of Mr. Samuel J. Gay and Miss Lil-
lie Taylor was celebrated, the vows
being pronounced by Wm. T. Price.
The young bride richly adorned
with rare personal attraction in her
attire of snowy whiteness made a
fine appearance.

The ladies waiting upon her were
Misses Maude Taylor, Cary Combs,
Susan Simmons and Lillie Friel, who
were attended by the following gen-
tlemen in the order named, Messrs.
W. M. Beard, Auburn Friel, Wil-
liam Taylor and William Gay.

A very fine dinner was enjoyed
by at least one hundred persons
and this event will be long remem-
bered as one of the most enjoyable
social affairs occurring in that coun-
ty.

W. T. F.

**HURRAH FOR SUL-
VAN.**

KILRAIN KNOCKED OUT.

The following is the official bulletin
of the Western Union telegraph:
SULIVAN vs. KILRAIN.
Kilrain knocked out after 72
rounds; time, 3 hours and 17 min-
utes. Fight took place at Richburg,
Miss.

PREACHING: Rev. M. M. Evers,
will hold his fourth and last Quar-
terly Conference at Swago, the 3rd
Saturday and Sunday in July. Con-
ference will convene at 2 o'clock, p.
m., on Saturday. Preaching Satur-
day night, and Sunday morning at
11 a. m., and again at 3:30, p. m.
Let there be a full representation
from each appointment.

Domestic Disput.
The glorious 4th is over and we
never lost a man. There was a
large crowd out, considering the
rainy day.

The crowd that went to Cheat
Bridge to celebrate the 4th, came
back all safe. They had quite a
nice time playing Indian &c.

Auctioneer C. B. Secker starts
to-day to attend the Hatton and
Winchester sale at the Hattersville.
This will be the largest sale ever in
Randolph Co. Several parties will
go from this section.

Capt. Smith has returned, and
work will be commenced this week
at the lumber camp.—William J.
Moore and family have arrived here
from Johnstown, Pa. Mr. Moore
was here time of the flood. He
says Johnstown doesn't look like
she did two months ago. He spent
Friday week in Johnstown and saw
them near their bodies.

Some of our farmers have begun
cutting wheat.

There will be preaching at Bax-
ter Church on Sunday the 13th, at
2 p. m. by Rev. Jasper Sharp.

There will be singing at Cross
Roads school-house, Sunday, the
14th, at 2 p. m.

Two weddings last week. Mr.
Clark Gump, of Highland Co., to
Miss Annie J. Sheets of this county
and Mr. Alex. Butterbaugh, of
Pawto, Miss Mary Alderman, of this
county.

W. H. Cackley and wife are off
on a business trip to Conneville.
We understand that S. L. Jack-
son and wife will be up this week
from Conneville. Mr. Jackson
was married in Washington
city by the same minister who mar-
ried Grover Cleveland.

TOX SAWYER.

Thousands Starving.
CHICAGO, July 7.—There are no
less than 25,000 people in the im-
mense district of Irishwood and Coal
City who are dependent on charity.
The extreme poverty to which these
people are reduced is proved by an
incident which happened yesterday.
A horse belonging to one of the
striking miners broke its leg and
had to be shot. The horse was
dragged to the side of the road and
left to starve.

How many good graduates of the
schools have written their com-
mencement essays on the "Coming
Man" and how few will find him
like his portrait when he comes!

It is thought the *Amphitrua* this
evening will tell some truths be-
hind the stage this year, owing to the
recent drought.

Education for Women.

It is a pity that when the "high-
er education of woman" was under-
taken nobody had the happy thought
of giving woman a better education
also. There was no sense in the
old theory that the education of
women should include no scholarly
requirement; but there is also no
sense in the new notion that merely
scholarly training constitutes a
good education for women, or for
men either for that matter. And
nothing could be more unwise than
the assumption on which the
higher education of women has
been thus far conducted, namely,
that men and women should be
trained in precisely the same way.

Education is a preparation for
life, and in just so far as a woman's
life differs from a man's in its cir-
cumstances she has different edu-
cational needs. Education is good
in the degree in which it fits the
pupil to discharge well the duties
that will probably fall to his or her
lot, and measured by that test the
training of our boys is far from
good, while that of our girls—those
of them at least who receive the
"higher education"—is notably bad.

The main duty of a woman is
home making, and on her skill in
that the comfort, happiness and
well being of all who live in her
home depend. The education which
does not equip her for that work is
a very bad education indeed.

The principal part of life is that
three meals a day are needed by all
human beings, and the woman who
does not know how to prepare them
properly is no more fit to be mar-
ried than the man who does not
know how to earn them. She may
have taken honors at Vassar or the
Harvard Annex, but she is grossly
ignorant and very badly educated,
nevertheless.

Had cooking means had health.
It is an unsanitary condition as
much as the unsanitary. And yet
the art and science of cooking is
utterly neglected in our higher
schools for women, and the girls
there are taught, by implication,
at least, that attention to it beneath
the dignity of persons so highly ed-
ucated as themselves. Thus the
training which should fit them for
their duties in life tends to unfit
them instead.

A false notion on this subject
prevails in many homes of the well-
to-do class as well as in the higher
schools. Woman's work, and es-
pecially cooking, is held to be fit
only for ignorant servants to do.
Nothing could be more false or un-
lucky. It is, in fact, the most im-
portant skilled work that is done
by human beings—the work on
which every member of the race is
daily dependent for health and life,
as well as for comfort and strength.
The woman who makes bread is
engaged in chemical work of great
value and no less dignity than
that of the man who makes quanti-
tative analyses of ores.

The first thing a girl should be
taught is to respect domestic func-
tions and to regard skill in their
performance as a necessary part of
her equipment for life—as necessary
as her ability to read. After
this fundamental need is provided
for her intellectual training should
be directed with constant reference
to the fact that girls grow to be
women and not men. It should be
remembered that, next to ordering
her house well, a woman's chief
function is to create and brighten
social intercourse, and for that her
training should fit her. Facility in
the use of one or two modern lan-
guages is of much greater advan-
tage to her than the profoundest
scholarship in Greek and Latin. A-
dorning faciliities with English lit-
erature will do many for weeks, but
on encountering business and a plain
common sense that can penetrate
the difficulties in accordance with
the needs of the moment.

Two young people of Catletts-
burg, Kentucky, were married in
June. Now they are told that it is
a binding marriage, and they are
reporting at leisure. The bride is
the daughter of General (Greene
Clay Smith. The groom is the ad-
itor of a Democratic newspaper and
was engaged to be married to an-
other lady. It is understood that
proceedings in divorce will be be-
gun at once. Moral—Don't marry
unless you mean business.

A. B. STANTON,
Academy, W. Va.



UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

The following fiduciary accounts are
before me for settlement:
C. L. Austin, adm'r of Florence M.
Austin dec'd.
S. B. Haman, Ex'r of Barbara A.
Gardner.

L. M. McLAUGHLIN, Com'r of Accts.

WANTED.
500 lbs. of dry saw
Address: Baxton Hill,
Jackson, W. Va.

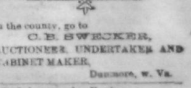
GOOD FLOUR.
50 lbs. per sack, and 75 lbs. per
sack at H. H. McLaughlin's mill, near
his home at A. Barlow's Hattersville,
and Barlow & Moore's, Edray for 4
cts. mar. 25.

NOTICE.
I will not hereafter sell stuff on
credit, and all who owe me will please
come forward and settle their accounts
before my removal to the city.
Please pay 250 per 100 lbs. and over 250
per bu.

Geo. H. McLAUGHLIN,
Edray.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.
I will run a hack from Hattersville
to top Deep Mountain and make con-
nection with hack running to Lewis-
burg. Will leave Hattersville daily at
9 a. m. Terms reasonable for passen-
gers, baggage or express packages.
July 6th '90
R. V. PARKER.

**FOR THE BEST FURNITURE,
CHAIRS AND FINEST TRIMMED**



In the country, go to
C. B. SECKER,
AUCTIONEER, UNDERTAKER AND
CABINET MAKER.

Danmore, W. Va.

Administrator's Notice.
All parties holding claims against
David McLaughlin dec'd. are required
to present the same at once to his ad-
ministrator for payment, and all parties
included to said David McLaughlin are
required to come forward at once and
settle up.

Respectfully,
Charles HARTMAN,
Admin'r of David McLaughlin dec'd.
Green Bank W. Va.

Order of Publication.
At rules held in the Circuit Court
Clark office of the County of Pendle-
ton, W. Va. on the 1st day of July, 1889.
R. S. TARK, Clerk.

Geo. W. McDonald, John A. McDonald,
Robert A. McDonald, Geo. C. McDon-
ald and E. B. McDonald, Defendants.
vs.
J. C. HARTMAN.

The object of the above styled suit is
to have a division of 1,000 lbs. and 100
acres of land lying on the head waters
of Elk river in Pendleton County, W. Va.
Principally owned jointly by the plaintiff
and the defendants, and said land is
now in a state of dispute, and it is
ordered that the defendants, Geo. W. Mc-
Donald, John A. McDonald, Robert A.
McDonald, George C. McDonald and
E. B. McDonald are not to remove
any of the land or any of the buildings
thereon, and that they are to remain
in possession of the land until the first
of the next term of the Circuit Court of
Pendleton County, W. Va., and that they
are to keep the same in good repair
and to pay the taxes thereon.

Given under the hand of the Clerk
of said Court at the City of Martinsburg,
West Virginia, this 1st day of July, 1889.
R. S. TARK, Clerk.

Poehontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	1 yr.
One inch 10 00 20 00 30 00 100 00			
Two inch 20 00 40 00 60 00 200 00			
Three inch 30 00 60 00 90 00 300 00			
Four inch 40 00 80 00 120 00 400 00			
Five inch 50 00 100 00 150 00 500 00			
One foot 100 00 200 00 300 00 1000 00			

Reading notices, not exceeding five lines, twenty-five cents for each insertion, and five cents a line for each additional line.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 6 months, \$1.50; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

July 18, 1889.

NEWS FOR WORKING MEN.

"There are more laboring men in Pennsylvania to-day without regular employment than at any time within the last ten years."

The above remark from a gentleman living in Pennsylvania, who has been for a short time in Pocahontas County looking after land investments here, is noted for consideration.

The Overhauling Issue.

The Chicago Tribune, the Philadelphia Press, and in fact all the republican papers of the north, appear to have an idea that the question of "high tariff, low tariff, or no tariff," are disturbing the harmony of the south, and splitting the democratic party into four or five small pieces.

With this imaginary state of affairs on their minds, the organs are going about indulging in the moral glacial anticipation of the day when the solid south will be broken into fragments, and several states singly at home in the bosom of the republican party.

Such falsehoods as this is worthy of attention, if only for the reason that it affords an opportunity to understand the situation. The republican organs get their news from those democratic newspapers which, by reason of their ignorance and prejudice, have been engaged in a futile effort to make the tariff the test of democracy.

But the organs ought to perceive that there is no longer any serious attempt on the part of any respectable democratic journal to read other democrats out of the party. Brother Watson is no longer the obstreperously reckless fellow that he was, and the idea is gradually dawning on all democrats, of what ever shade of opinion, that the democratic party is a bigger thing than any single issue that can be mentioned. So far as the south is concerned, its people (as the Richmond Dispatch observes) are in no condition to disturb themselves over high tariff, low tariff or no tariff. They are confronted by an issue far more important and more pressing than any branch of the tariff question. That issue is the negro problem, and it will continue to remain the one issue, so far as the south is concerned, as long as the republican party remains the party of sectionalism and sectionalism.

The southern people, it may be observed, deal with this negro problem as they please when it affects their own interests. Thus Chicago will not allow negroes to act as the trustees of the public schools, and there are white people in Chicago and elsewhere at that—who are willing to violate a state law rather than allow negro children to attend the white schools.

But when it comes to the south, the southern people seem to be of the opinion that the negro problem should be settled from the outside—and it is this disposition that will

keep the south solid in the face of all other issues.—Atlanta Constitution.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July, 12.—Political sensations and very warm weather do not usually go together in Washington, but this week is an exception, for although the thermometer has been dancing around in the nineties all the week we have had a real genuine situation. At first it was given out that Secretary Noble had prematurely removed Pension Commissioner Tanner on account of the way in which he had been running the Pension Office. It was stated that Tanner had resigned because the Secretary had reprimanded him and Assistant Secretary Bussey. Both of these reports turned out to have been wrong. Mr. Tanner has neither been removed, nor has he resigned. But one or the other may yet occur, as the relations between the Secretary and the Commissioner are decidedly strained. The day after Tanner's return from his western trip he received a summons from Secretary Noble to come at once to his private office. Arrived there he found Assistant Secretary Bussey, who has charge of the appeals from the pension office and who is in sympathy with the Commissioner's ideas, and Secretary Noble. An animated discussion was at once begun with Tanner and Bussey on one side, and Noble on the other. It is said that the Secretary gave them both to understand in the plainest sort of language, that they were subordinates of his. And right here is, I understand, the root of the whole trouble. The Secretary has no serious objection to anything that Tanner has done, but he objects to Tanner's way of doing them. He wants the facts impressed on the mind of the public that the pension bureau is a part of the department of the Interior, and that he (Noble) is at the head of that department.

Mr. Harrison has gone to join his family at Deer Park. It is given out at the White House that he will spend very little time here for the rest of the warm weather, not over two days a week at the outside. This taken to mean that very few Presidential appointments will be made between now and September.

Public Printer Palmer has taken his cue from the President and is going very slow in making new appointments. He has just made the most important in his gift chief clerk, and the members of his party do not like it, although the gentleman appointed is a republican. Mr. Collins the lucky man, entered the office as an apprentice, served his time and was afterwards detailed for clerical work. He has been for several years head book keeper and was not an applicant for the chief clerkship.

Mr. Harrison has positively refused to give office seekers the names of parties that make charges against them. He says to do so would be to frighten other people and prevent their telling him of bad things they might know about future applicants.

Secretary Blaine will be represented at the State department until September by his son, Walker, who returned from Bar Harbor this week. I understand that Mr. Harrison will visit Mr. Blaine at Bar Harbor as soon as he can find time to map out his first message to Congress.

A new division has been established in the department of Agriculture and War. H. H. H. A Minnesota editor has been put in charge of it. Mr. H. H.'s duties will be to condense and simplify the reports and bulletins issued by the department, so that they may be understood by those not familiar with technical and scientific terms.

Senator Quay's friend, Tom Campbell has captured the Collectorship of the port of Philadelphia.

Secretary Wadsworth has prohibited the use of the steam plate printing process in the Bureau of Engraving and printing notwithstanding the offer of the owners of them to accept the royalty named by Congress.—One cent per thousand impressions. They received \$1.00 per thousand previous to July.

Washington is to have another attraction added to the many it already possesses. The historic old line of battle ship "Constitution" is to be brought from Portsmouth New Hampshire, where she now is, to the Washington Navy Yard, where she will be, not as a receiving ship. The Constitution has a proud history.

The department of the Interior announces that no more announcements will be made in the Census bureau until September.

Discharges of minor officials in the departments here are quite frequent just now.

The Civil Service Commission was in New York City nearly all this week.

Secretary Rusk denies that Gen. Felix Aguirre of the Rio Grande American gave him a blooded horse, as was paid—

Advice to Mothers.

When children are nursing, it is important that the mother should be in good health, and the little child should be kept in a healthy state. It is important that the mother should be in good health, and the little child should be kept in a healthy state. It is important that the mother should be in good health, and the little child should be kept in a healthy state.

The price-fight about which all the ruffians of two continents and a very large minority of educated gentlemen have been thinking and talking for the last month came off, and to-day Sullivan is the undisputed champion of the world.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a man, she chose to be healthy.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

When she was a mother, she chose to be healthy.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is as well adapted to children as I recommend it as a purgative for infants."—E. A. Acheson, M.D., 121 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Castoria cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stomach Troubles, Indigestion, and all the ailments of Infants and Children.

The Castoria Company, 17 Murray Street, N.Y.

4 MILES NEARER 4

OUR LIQUOR IS FOUR MILES NEARER.

C. D. LAM, formerly of Mt. Grove, Va., and M. O'FARRELL, hove established a

LIQUOR AND GROCERY STORE

At the foot of the ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS on the Warm Springs and Huntersville Turnpike, and will handle a full line of first class

WHISKIES, WINES &c., at from \$2 to \$4 per gallon, also GROCERIES, CIGARS, TOBACCO &c.

We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. McCLINTIC & Co.,

(Successors to Fudge & McClinton.)

Mt. Grove, - - Va.,

DEALERS IN

All brands of

LIQUORS,

At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon.

Orders filled promptly.

Also a full line of general Merchandise.

Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods

before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,

GEO. + W. + WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having at any purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.

Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests.

Horses well provided for.

Charges reasonable.

Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,

GEO. W. WAGNER.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY

Only First-Class Literary Institution in the State.

Fifteen Professors and Teachers.

Preparatory Department, Classical Course, Scientific Course, Civil and Mining Engineering Course, Law School.

Tuition free in West Virginia State School, except in Law School. Tuition in Law School, \$24.00. Total expenses for one year, \$144.00 to \$200.00, including board and travel. Right State tuition from each Senatorial District, appointed by Senate, furnished books and stationery.

Students are admitted to College Department.

Send for catalogue to E. M. TUCKER, LL.D., President, Morgantown, W. Va.

IF YOUR BORN STUDENT

you are not sure, send for a copy of the

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY

and you will see that it is a

well worth the money.

85

DIRECT TO CONSUMER

Nothing is so easy as

to get the best of the

best of the best.
